



A New song call'd
ANNIE LISLE

Down where the waving willow
Neath the sunbeams smile,
Shadow'd o'er the murmuring
waters,
Dwelt sweet Anie Lisle,
Pure as the forest lily,
Never thought of guile,
Had its home within the bosom
Of lov'd Annie Lisle

CHORUS—

Wave willows murmur waters
Go'den sunbeams smile,
Earthly music cannot waken,
Lovely Annie Lisle,

Sweet came the hallow'd chiming
Of the sabbath bell,
Borne on the morning breezes,
Down the woody dell,
On a bed of pain & anguish,
Lay dear Annie Lisle,
Chang'd were the lovely features,
Gone the happy smile,

Toll bells of sabbath morning
I shal never more,
Hear your sweet & holy music;
On this earthly shore,
Forms clad in heavenly beauty,
Look on me and smile,
Waiting for the longing spirit,
Of your Annie Lisle,

Raise me in your arms dear mother
Let me once more look,
On the green & waving willows
And the flowing brook,
Hark those strains of angel music
From the choirs above,
Darest mother I am going,
Truly God is love,
